

P O E M,

Upon the Transactions between

A L A N D L O R D

And His

Tenant D A Y,

Who privately departed from him by Night.

By a Gent. of *Lincoln's-Inne*.

Here Night and Day conspire a secret flight :
 For Day (they say) is gon away by Night.
 The Day is past ; but, Landlord wher's your Rent ?
 You might ha' seen, that Day was almost spent.
 Day sold, and did put off what e'er he might,
 Tho it was ne'r so dark Day would be light.
 All moveables and Liquors that cou'd pay
 Your annual Rent are gon as clear as Day.
 You had one Day a Tenant, and wou'd fain
 See, if you cou'd one Day that Day again.
 No, Landlord, no, you now may truly say,
 And to your cost too, you ha' lost the Day.

Day is departed in the Night, I hear;
 Nay Day is broke, yet does not Day appear.
 Landlord, you see by Night retir'd is Day,
 And you know well, time will for no Man stay.
 From Sun to Sun is the fit time for pay,
 But you shou'd ha' been up by break of Day;
 Yet, if you had, you had got nothing by t;
 For Day was cunning, and brake over Night.
 Day, like a Candle is gon out, and where
 None knowes, except the other *Hemisphere*.
 Misfortunes now do Day in darkness shroud,
 Truth is, at present, Day's under a Cloud;
 And yet, who trusted him for any sum,
 Might ha' their mony, if that Day were come;
 But Day being gon hath left our hopes in Night.
 Then *Bel-man* cry *Lanthorn and Candlelight*,
 Well Honest Landlord, what's the matter pray,
 What, can't you sleep for longing for the Day?
 I know what 'tis does discompose your Soul,
 You'd fain see Day through a little hole.
 Ha' you a mind, Sir to Arrest the Day?
 Ther's no such Serjeant as a *Josuah*:
 You must since Day is now gon out of sight,
 Live comfortless in an eternal night.
 Never expect on Day to wreak your spight,
 'Tis but in vain, you doe but burn day-light;
 He's th' Emblem of your life, a fleeting Day,
 That's gon and past, must not, nay cannot stay
 Beyond the time prefixt by common Fate,
 And to recall the Day once past's too late;
 Yet in your fury you'l not stick to say,
 Curs't be the Day, whereon I lost this Day.
 Lay by your passion tho' for a round sum;
 You know, good Sir, that a pay-day will come;
 Therefore chear up, banish all care and sorrow,
 I'll lay my life Day comes again to morrow;
 Nay, shou'd he come after this tedious stay,
 I fear you'd hardly give him the good day.

It was your fault, if you on him rely'd,
 Against a rainy day you shoud provide.
 You thought you a good Tenant had alway,
 But, like a Fool, I thought 'twould ne'er be Day.
 Landlord, you may with old Rose: Emperor say,
 Once in your life, that you ha' lost a Day.
 In your *Ephemeris* let it ha' no room,
 Because to you it prov'd a day of Doom.
 Day is departed and in truth, I fear,
 You'l ne'r see Day, till Doomes-day does appear,
 But then, when *Gabriel* blows his horn, you may,
 'Tis very probable once more see Day.
 Had you a wakeful Man, and early bin,
 You might ha' come before day was shut in,
 Defeated all those shuffling tricks outright,
 Contriv'd and acted between Day and Night:
 Ev'ry Dog has his day, and you may say,
 'Twas a Dog's trick for Day to run away.
 And now 'tis too apparent what I'm told,
 Day craftily left you the Dog to hold;
 Yet Day marcht off with nothing but his own,
 The Nest remains, altho' the Bird be flown.
 Shou'd all your Tenants serve you thus I'll swear,
 The Dog's life, Hunger and ease, wou'd be your share:
 Too sure, *ah lack a day!* the Landlord cries,
 I knew the day, when it was otherwise:
 Never disturb your self at this, good Friend!
 You know that longest day must have an end,
 Or else the *Proverb* fails, never repine,
 Tho' your Day's lost, and which is worse, his Wine.
 Such petty wrongs manfully scorn and flight,
 And civilly e'en bid good Day good Night.
 Day now the operation of Wine feels,
 Which makes ith' Night light heads, in-day light heels.
 Day's not at all too blame; for shou'd he stay
 'Thad prov'd, to him an Execution-day.
 The Day is broke, 'tis time for you to rise;
 See how you like Day's Evening Exercise;

Yet

Yet 'tis the course of Nature's Sovereign sway,
 That glooming Night shou'd yield t'approaching Day.
 'Tis a mere contradiction ev'ry way,
 That you shou'd be thus Night-mar'd by the Day;
 Therefore conclude with me your dayly Friend,
 All's but an idle Dream, and ther's an End.

F I N I S.

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In the Prefs are POEMS and Discourses occasionally written by *John Norris*,
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L O N D O N,

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 out *Temple Bar*. 1684.